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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

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HQ

Charge! Yes, our four heroes are on the *war-path* again in issue 46 of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**, with the return of their old friend in **Ponquadragor II-Demon War!** This time the earth is about to be invaded by hordes of marauding demons, so the Ghostbusters really get a chance to *demon*strate their skills when it comes to saving the world! This would seem to be an outrageous task in itself, but it's even worse when your foe is none other than Nekkdasgeddon, the most powerful demon of the underworld! Has the mightiest of warlords got a *chink in his armour*, however? Well, you'll find out this and other strange facts in **Mermaid Mischief!** where there's definitely something *fishy going on*, if you read on! So pick up thine arms and set to!

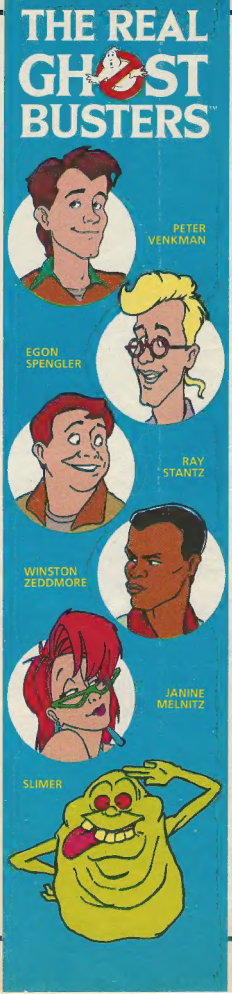
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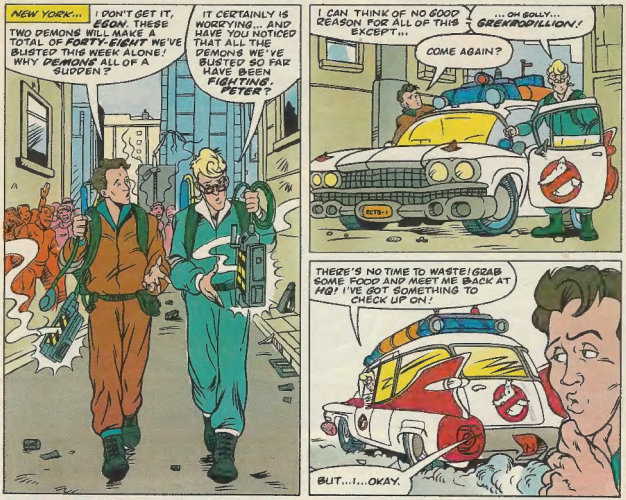
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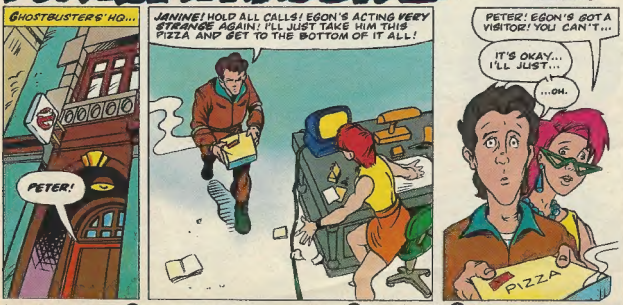
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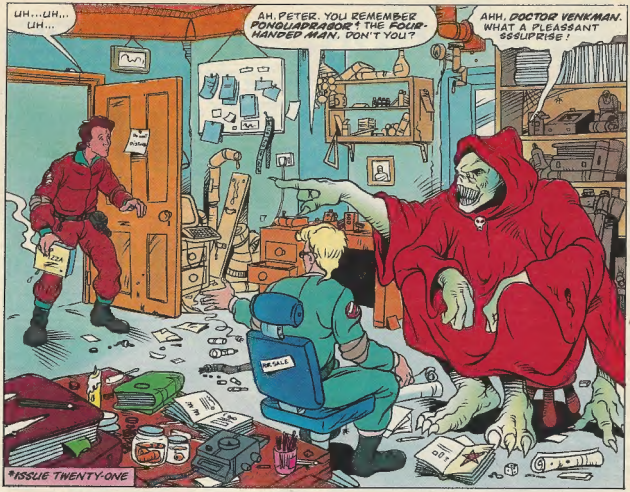
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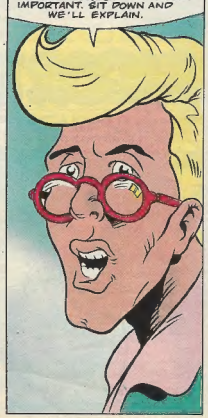
PONQUADRAGOR II — DEMON WAR!



Story **DAN ABNETT** ⊖ Art **ANDY WILDMAN** and **JEZ HALL** ⊘ Lettering **HEL** ⊘ Colouring **STUART PLACE**


UH...UH... UH...
AH, PETER. YOU REMEMBER POWOLAPPROACH THE FOUR-HANDED MAN, DON'T YOU?
AHH, DOCTOR VENKMAN. WHAT A PLEASSANT SSSUPRISE!
PIZZA
FOR SALE
DO!
*ISSUE TWENTY-ONE

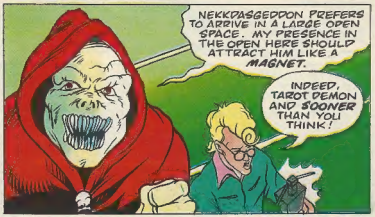

EGON: YOU'RE OUT OF MY SIGHT FOR FIVE MINUTES AND I FIND YOU CHATTING TO ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL TAROT DEMONS IN THE SUPER-COSMOS! WHAT IS GOING ON?

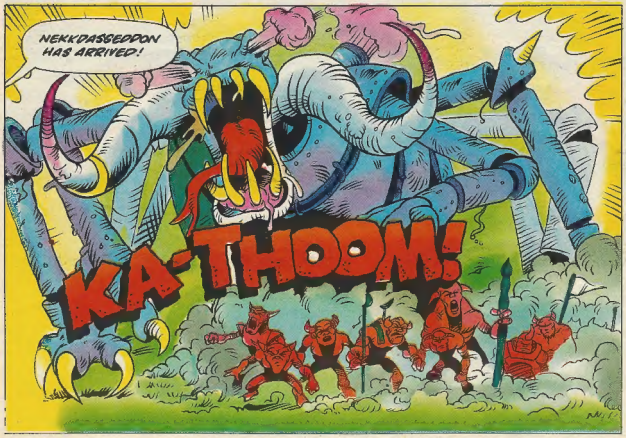

PETER! PLEASE. THIS IS VERY IMPORTANT. SIT DOWN AND WE'LL EXPLAIN.


INDEED, DOCTORRR VENKMAN. ASSS I WASS SSSAYING, I NEED THE GHOSTBUSTERSSS' HELP!
BY THE WAY... ISS THAT A MEAT LOVER PIZZA?


SO...
WERE JUST OFF OUT FOR A WHILE, JANINE. WE HAVE TO SAVE THE WORLD AGAIN.
OKAY!


SOON...
ARE YOU SURE THIS IS A GOOD PLACE, PONG?
CERTAINLY, VENKMAN!


NEKKDASSEDDON PREFERS TO ARRIVE IN A LARGE OPEN SPACE. MY PRESENCE IN THE OPEN HERE SHOULD ATTRACT HIM LIKE A MAGNET.
INDEED, TAROT DEMON AND SOONER THAN YOU THINK!


NEKKDASSEDDON HAS ARRIVED!
KA-THOOM!


LATER... AFTER SEVEN MORE DIAGRAMS AND NINETEEN SEPARATE REFERENCES TO TOBIN...
OKAY, LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. THERE'S A WAR GOING ON BETWEEN ALL THE DEMONS, RIGHT?
ALMOST. THE WORD IS SPECTRALLOM... IT MEANS SPIRIT COMBAT.
SO THAT'S WHY WE'VE PLAGUED BY BATTLING DEMONS ALL WEEK!
EXACTLY, VENKMAN. YOU SEE THE KOLORDS OF THE MALARK HAVE CHALLENGED THE QUINDORN HALD-ARBIDONS TO TRIAL BY ECTO-FIRE, AND THE STOBBLE-RINDS OF RANX DECIDED...
I THINK WE CAN SKIP THE WHYS AND WHEREFORES. JUST TELL PETER ABOUT THE PROBLEM!
THE PROBLEM?
NEKKDASGEDDON! MY ARCH ENEMY! THE BEAST OF EIGHT LEGS! THE ONLY THING IN THE DEMON COSMOS MORE POWERFUL THAN ME! HE INTENDS TO WIPE OUT ME AND ALL THE OTHER MAJOR DEMONS TO RULE THE SUPERCOSMOS...
... WHEN HE HAS DONE THIS, HE WILL TURN HIS ATTENTION... TO EARTH ITSELF!


AND HE'S BROUGHT AN ARMY!
DON'T WORRY! I'LL SUMMON MY OWN FAMILIARS TO DEAL WITH THEM!
CONCENTRATE ON NEKKDAGGEDDON HIMSELF! HE'S CLAD IN HIS ECTO-BATTLE ARMOUR! I'M POWERLESS AGAINST IT! YOU MUST FIND A WEAK-POINT!


FORWARD, MY FAMILIARS! DEFEAT MY FOES!
GEEE!
GEEE!
GEEE!
PETER! NEKKDAGGEDDON'S ARMOUR IS MADE OF ELECTRONIUM! THAT MEANS HE'S PROTONICALLY SHIELDED!
GREAT! YOU WANT ME TO GO PUNCH HIM ON THE CHIN?


BE SERIOUS! NARROW YOUR PROTON STREAM TO THE MINIMUM APERTURE! WE HAVE TO TRY AND HIT ONE OF THE JOINTS IN HIS ARMOUR!


WOW!


OUCH!
SKREE-
CHANG!
KRA-
CHA-
THOOM!
OH DARN IT!
AT LAST, NEKKDAGGEDDON, I HAVE YOU AT MY MERCY! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE ME!
THANK YOU, GHOSTBUSTERS, THANK YOU AND FAREWELL!
I'M OFF!
WELL, I MUST SAY, THIS DIDN'T END UP QUITE HOW I EXPECTED...
ONE THING, PETER... WITH NEKKDAGGEDDON OUT OF THE WAY, DO YOU THINK THAT PONQUADRAGOR WILL TRY TO INVADE EARTH HIMSELF?
I HOPE SO, EGON...
...AND WHEN HE SHOWS UP AGAIN, I'M GOING TO CHARGE HIM SEVEN DOLLARS FOR THAT PIZZA!

SPENGLER'S SPIRIT GUIDE



PART 46

The word *Grekrodillion* comes from one of the mystic 'broken' or 'silent' languages of Ancient Lumaria, a prehistoric empire occupying that part of Europe that, if Italy is the foot and leg, would be a nearby table.

The word means 'a small wooden wedge for keeping a wobbly table level', but due to a scribe's error when translating the Lumarian Tracts into pre-dynastic Phoenician, it has come to mean *Demon War*.

DEMON WAR

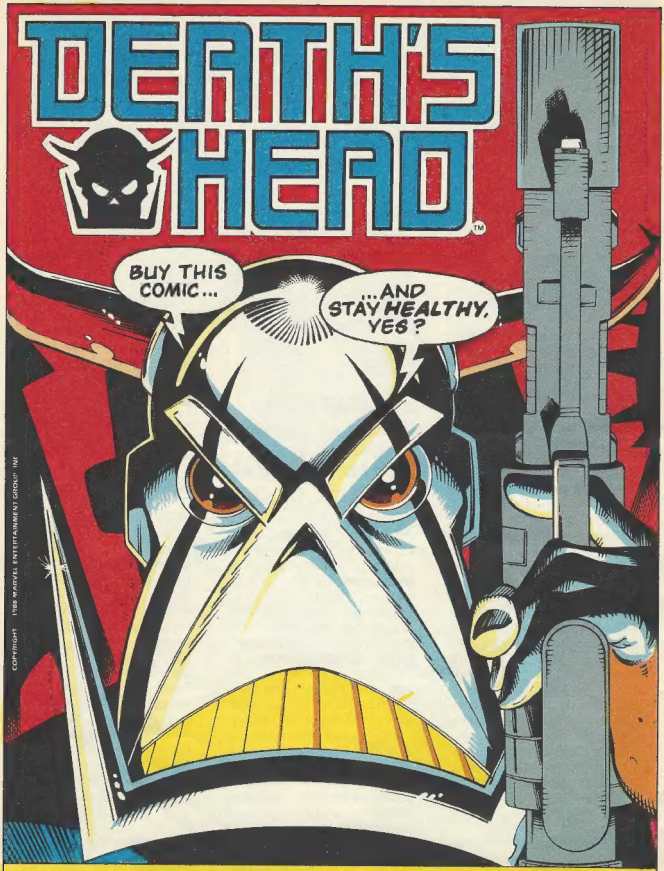
The place to read about this phenomena is of course the Luminarian Tracts themselves, but you may find these both a little hard to come by and a little hard to read, as they are all written in invisible ink on blocks of granite fourteen yards square and hidden in a lost cave somewhere in Siberia. Which, come to think of it, could well explain that scribe's translation error. The next best thing is to pick up a copy of Vondahuck's indispensible *'Paranoia and Things that Worried the People of Ancient Lumaria: Volume One – Great Big Demons In Bad Moods'*. This clearly shows the effects on our own dimension of any serious altercations in the realm of the Supercosmos. There was apparently a massive Grekrodillion going on in an area of Supercosmos adjacent to Ancient Lumaria, and the poor Lumarians found themselves constantly being woken in the night by flashing lights, rains of armoured fish, falling meteorites that looked suspiciously like giant cannonballs with the words 'Eat This, Buster' written on the side, and tridents and javelins the size of fir trees suddenly hurtling out of the sky, causing panic and a massive waste of time to Lumarians going about their everyday business. *You* try waiting for your change with a piece of wood the size of a jumbo jet about to flatten your shop.

CAUSES

There is no way really of telling what starts a war between two class nines. As Vondahuck says in his lighthearted autobiography, *'Who Can Say?'*: "...there is no way really of telling what starts a war between two class nines." But look at it this way: Demons are massive, ugly, mean-spirited things with foul and short tempers and a penchant for javelins the size of DC10s. They're bound to disagree with each other. It stands to reason. And when they do – stand back!

WHAT TO DO IN THE EVENT OF DEMON WAR

Well, the Lumarians did what they could. They ran around a bit, dodging the falling redwoods and finally ran away to Siberia and hid in a cave to wait until the war was over. Demon Wars, on average, last for about seven hundred to a thousand years. It is of little surprise to anyone, apart from the Lumarians themselves, that their race died out waiting. They are the only race in history to have died out through boredom. *So far.* Many paranormal experts believe that a current Australian soap opera is a creation of demonic forces attempting to repeat the success they had thousands of years ago with the Lumarians...



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PICTUREGEIST



This frolicsome ghostie was equipped with the quite amazing gift of being able to hide in the canvas of any imaginable painting. A veritable ectoplasmic chameleon, the truth be told! Its home, inevitably, was in a well-stocked art gallery and the trouble began when the same gallery bought a painting by a competent but unknown artist who went by the name of Von Spektor. The origin of the ghost is as unknown as the artist but speculative theories suggested that the apparition was the re-appearance of Von Spektor himself, a man who was obsessed with his art and very loathe to leave it alone when he departed from this world. Some people just suffer for their art more than others. Anyway, the fact that a ghost was making its abode in the gallery would not have been so disquieting had it not been for the fact that it would suddenly leap out at anyone standing nearby! So the tortured soul was finally made into pictorial toast.



Story **DAN ABNETT** ⊘ Art **ANTHONY WILLIAMS** and **DAVE HARWOOD**

Nubshik of the Grombilarrs extended his left middle tentacle its full length of sixteen feet, coughed politely and looked questioningly at the human before him. "Well, pitiful human wizard, whose misfortune it is to have summoned me from the fetid, tenebrous pits of Gromblix, what exactly do you want?"

The wizard, one Franklin Prosser of *Prosser's Occult Books Inc*, paled a little at the thorough hideousness of the demonic. . . thing that had just materialised in the pentangle chalked upon the floor of his bookshop's back room. "I was just. . . um. . . mucking about, actually. I don't believe in this stuff at all. I just sell it, y'know. . .um. . ." Raising himself on his glutinous tendrils, his digestive ducts drooling ecto-saliva on the floor in a cross sort of way, Nubshik tsk tsked impatiently. "Let me get this clear, oh thou possessor of even less intelligence than a retarded penguin. You uttered the Spell of Summoning that brought me here as a bit of a 'muck about'?"

"That's about the long and the short of it", admitted Prosser, "Gosh, you're ugly!" he added in awe.

"Thanks", spat Nubshik demurely, slime dribbling off his jaw mandibles, "Now look, brain-donor, I'm far too busy even to eat you. Kindly chant the Spell of Banishment and send me back to Gromblix this instant." "I. . .er. . . can't." squeaked Prosser, holding up his battered copy of Latruno's *Things You Should Never Do as a Bit of a Muck-about*, "That's on page sixty-eight."

"And?" asked Nubshik, flaring all nine of his nostrils with rather gloopy results.

"My copy's missing pages forty-two to seventy-three." Prosser shrugged helplessly.

Nubshik closed his eyes and sighed deeply. "Oh lummy," he said, "this is really going to cause it."

The seven phantom suns were just sinking over the fetid and tenebrous pits of Gromblix when the 'it', that was really going to get caused, actually got under way. Resplendent in their platignum battle-socks, the six fierce Kolords of the Malargii marched into the inner sanctum of the Grombilarrs and thumped their ceremonial maces on the Emerald floor. When the shock waves died down, the leader of the Kolords, after a brief moment deciding which mouth to use, spoke. This is what he said:

"Out with it, Grombilarrs! For what petty reason have you woken us, the six fanged arbiters of Demonic justice. Come on, we haven't got all day!

"Indeed," intoned his second-in-command, "we're missing the match because of this."

The spokesthing for the Grombilarrs writhed nervously before replying. "Oh great Kolords, whose fangs are more beautiful than the diamond thulking-straps of Wonfy the Omnidigital. . ."

"Skip the pleasantries, Grombilarr. . ." growled the Kolord.

"You see, it's like this. Our Lord and Master, Nubshik. . ."

"Great and gloopy are his tendrils!" chanted the other Grombilarrs in adoration.

"Our Lord and Master is gone!", finished the spokesthing. "He has vanished! We believe he has been stolen from us by those treacherous Quinorn Haldarbidons and we demand justice! Justice!"

The lead Kolord looked stern. "You realise that if we challenge the Haldarbidons to trial by ecto-fire, the Stobblearnids of Ranx will not stand for it and. . ."

"We know the whys and wherefores!" exclaimed the Grombilarr.

"Then you know that it will lead to all out Grekrodillion across the demonic Supercosmos!"

There was a silence.

"Well," said one of the Grombilarrs, "it is a bit boring round here at the moment."

"Yeah," grinned the Kolord. "Let's get on with it!"

"Look!", yelled Ray sternly. "This is really important! Stop writing that diary and listen!"

Winston looked up at his fellow Ghostbuster, peering in through the window of

ECTO-1. "Ray, you have my individed attention."

"Good", said Ray, narrowing his eyes seriously, "Now then, listen carefully. DO you want relish or ketchup on your burger?"

"That's a tough one. . ." admitted Winston," so I guess the answer is. . . both!"

Ray's acknowledgement was somewhat drowned by the crunch and the screams as most of Lucky Sammy's Burger Bar exploded in a welter of french fries and ectoplasm.

'Bad luck, Lucky Sammy,' murmured Winston as he sprang from the car and ran to follow Ray into the devastation.

"Charge 'em up!" yelled Ray, unshipping his Proton Gun, "Looks like we've got two Class seven demons in here going at it tooth and nail!"



Gazing into the splintering remains of Sammy's, Winston agreed with Ray's diagnosis. A huge tentacled thing, that looked like a cross between a catering pack of squid portions and an accident at a glue factory, was engaged in mortal combat with something that resembled all the hair clippings from a barber's shop stuck to a forty-foot locust and dipped in an oil slick.

"We can't deal with this!" shouted Winston over the noise of the two demons trying to char-grill each other on the remains of Sammy's griddle.

"Agreed!" said Ray, "So now what?"

"You could take me to a library to get an undamaged copy of Latruno's *Things You Should Never Do as a Bit of a Muck-about*", said Franklin Prosser, who was standing nearby with a Caribbean–extra relish in his hand.

"Do what?" replied Ray and Winston together.

"So, when it was clear that I couldn't get him back, he said he was hungry, so I said I'd pop down to Sammy's for him, but he said he wanted to come too. That was when the other one showed up." Prosser sighed, and took the coffee Janine offered him.

"It's a good thing that the East Side Library had a copy of that book, or there'd have been a lot more mess.", said Ray.

"Man, do you think that what that demon, Nubshik, said before we banished him was true? About Mr. Prosser here causing a demon war in the Supercosmos?", asked Winston.

"Of course not", replied Ray. "You ask Egon when he gets in. He'll tell you there's no such thing as Demon Wars. Where is Egon anyway, Janine?"

"Oh," replied Janine," he and Peter and some demon fella had to go off to save the world. They should be back any minute."

"Right," said Ray, "and I bet they haven't done anything as dangerous as stopping a fight between two Class seven demons!"

"No", replied Janine wryly, "I expect not. . ."



DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and what's more, it's a true tale of terror! Dare you read on?



Let us cast our minds back to a few centuries ago when witchcraft was considered a heinous crime. Nowadays, thankfully, we are a lot more lenient with our ladies of the occult, however, back in 1692 in Salem, Massachusetts, the punishment for witchcraft was none other than hanging!

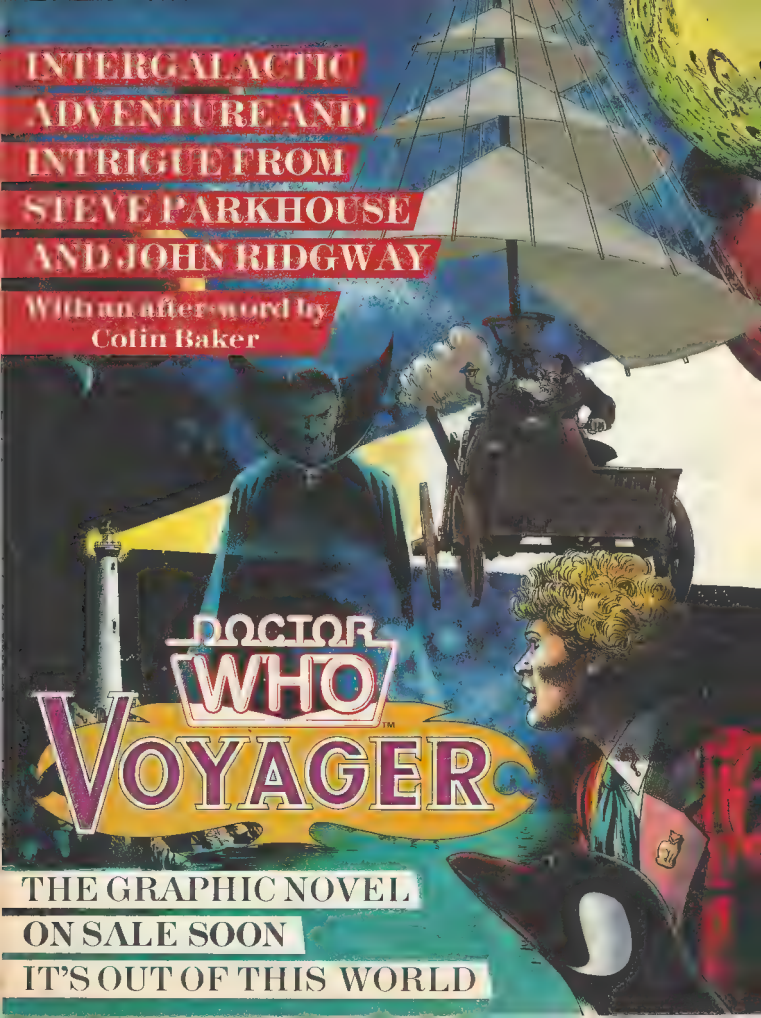
Comfort Ainsworth was the name of the bent and withered old lady accused of being a witch by the Mayor of Salem, Colonel Bucks. Crowds surged into the courtroom on the day of the trial, eager to hear of Comfort's outcome, but something tells me that her verdict had already been predetermined. When witnesses took the stand against her, each one looked to Colonel Bucks for approval and waited for the appropriate nod. One woman accused Comfort of having made her ears bleed. Yeugh! Another witness claimed to have seen the devil and his henchmen in Comfort's doorway. Gorsh!

With this incriminating evidence, the jury quickly returned the verdict of guilty, and the old lady was sentenced to hang the next day. But as the bailiffs were about to drag her away, she pointed a bony finger at the Colonel and screamed: "All my life I have cursed no one. But I shall curse you sir, for you and your toadies have lied me to the gallows! When you die, which will be soon, I shall leave the print of my foot on your gravestone.The print will be there forever so that the world may never forget this day!" Comfort was hanged the following day.

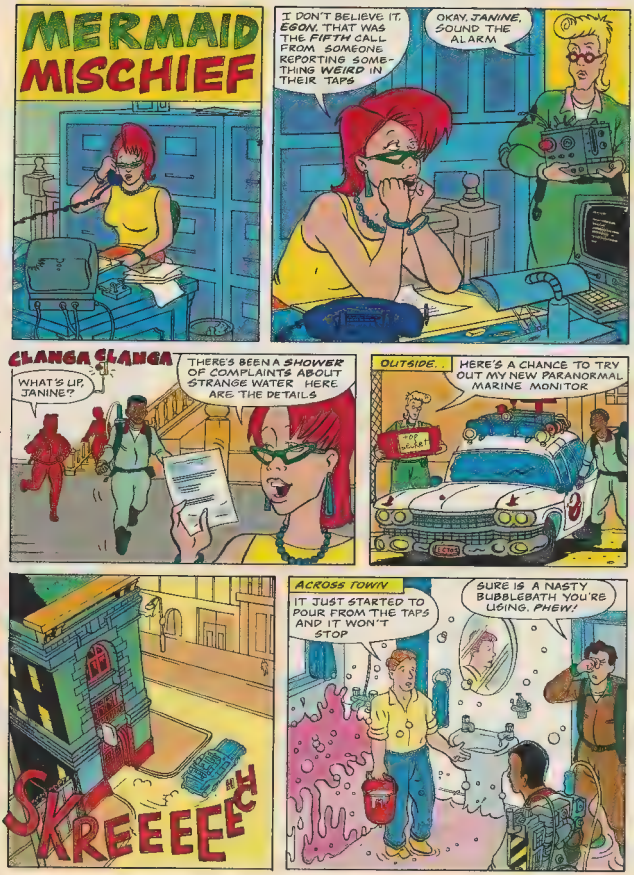
Fulfilling the prophecy, Bucks died three months later from a mysterious 'wasting disease'. In his will, he ordered that his headstone should be made of the most flawless marble. But a few days later, a terrified cemetry worker discovered a woman's footprint in the marble, and no amount of sanding could remove it!

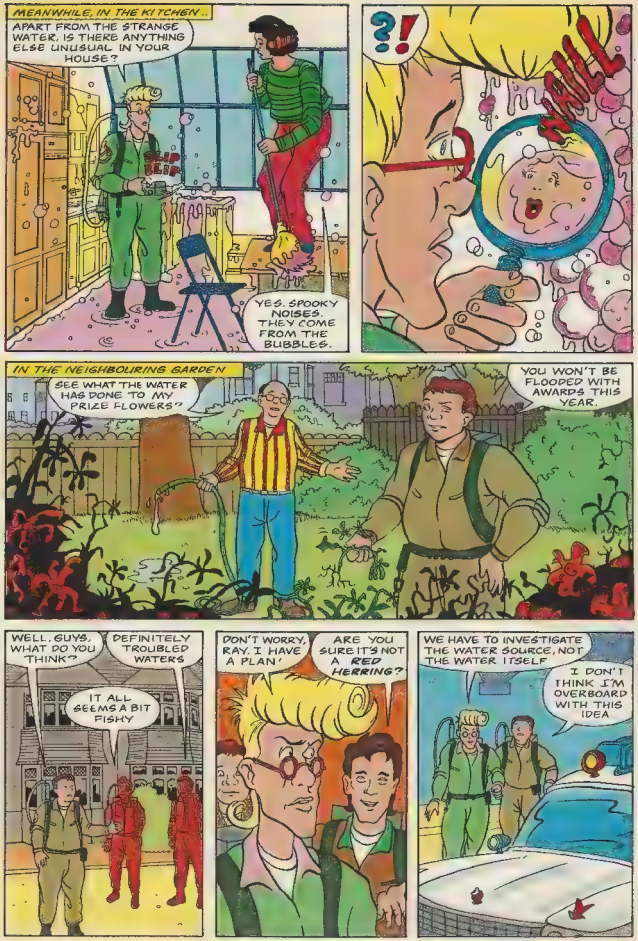
A new stone was made and the old one thrown away; however, a week later the shape of the narrow stockinged foot was clearly visible in the new stone. A third stone was raised but to no avail. To this day, nearly three centuries later, the bony little foot stands over the grave, scarring its surface like a wound that will never heal!

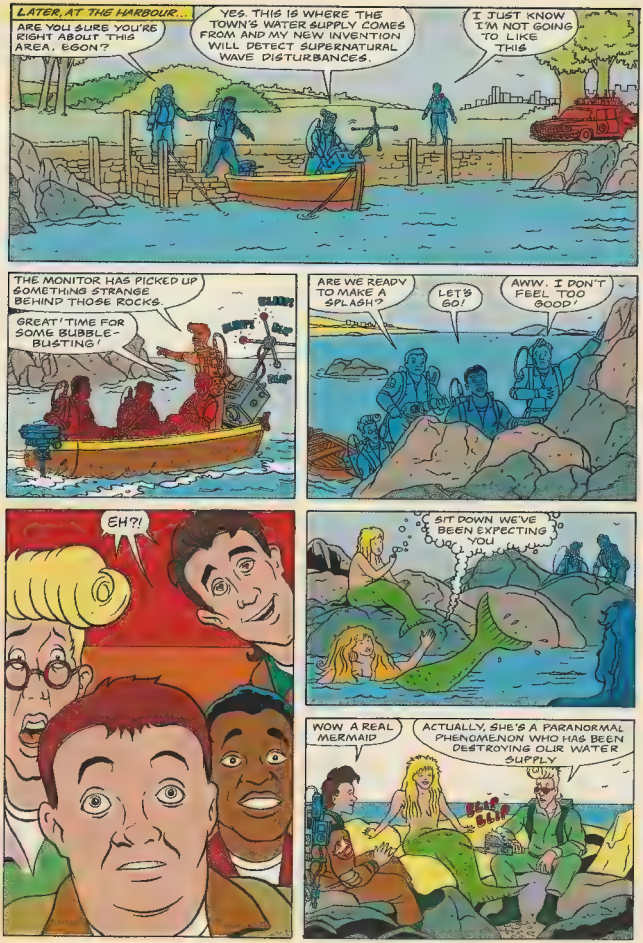
So, be friendly to your neighbourhood witches, for they do not take lightly to offence. After all, you don't want the same horrific fate to befall you!

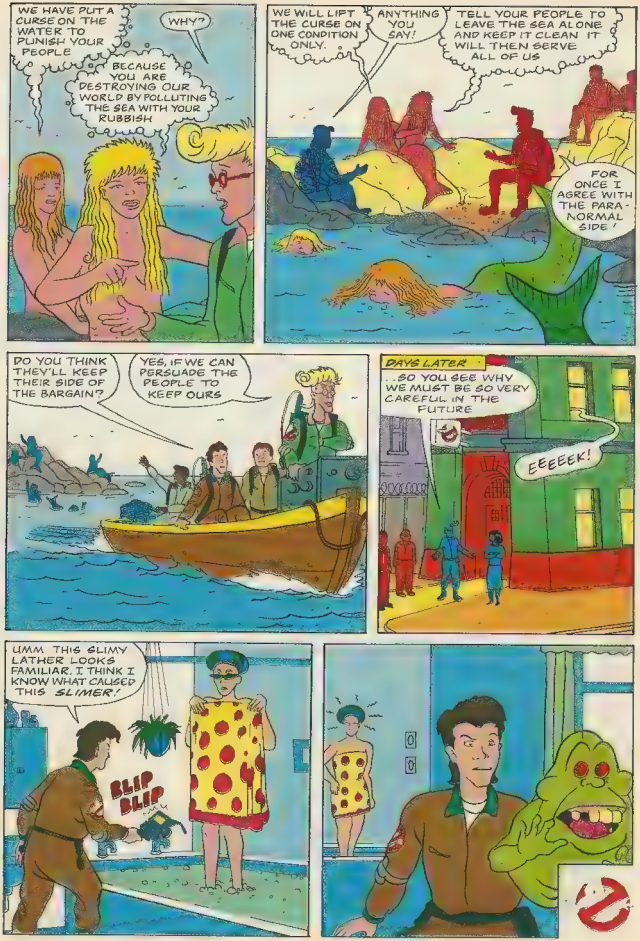

INTERGALACTIC
ADVENTURE AND
INTRIGUE FROM
STEVE PARKHOUSE
AND JOHN RIDGWAY
With an afterword by
Colin Baker
DOCTOR
WHO
VOYAGER
THE GRAPHIC NOVEL
ON SALE SOON
IT'S OUT OF THIS WORLD

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™




MEANWHILE, IN THE KITCHEN...
APART FROM THE STRANGE WATER, IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE UNUSUAL IN YOUR HOUSE?
BEEP BEEP
YES. SPOOKY NOISES THEY COME FROM THE BUBBLES.
?!
AAAIII
IN THE NEIGHBOURING GARDEN
SEE WHAT THE WATER HAS DONE TO MY PRIZE FLOWERS"
YOU WON'T BE FLOODED WITH AWARDS THIS YEAR.
WELL, GUYS, WHAT DO YOU THINK?
DEFINITELY TROUBLED WATERS
IT ALL SEEMS A BIT FISHY
DON'T WORRY, RAY. I HAVE A PLAN!
ARE YOU SURE IT'S NOT A RED HERRING?
WE HAVE TO INVESTIGATE THE WATER SOURCE, NOT THE WATER ITSELF
I DON'T THINK I'M OVERBOARD WITH THIS IDEA


LATER, AT THE HARBOUR...
ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT THIS AREA, EGON?
YES. THIS IS WHERE THE TOWN'S WATER SUPPLY COMES FROM AND MY NEW INVENTION WILL DETECT SUPERNATURAL WAVE DISTURBANCES.
I JUST KNOW I'M NOT GOING TO LIKE THIS
THE MONITOR HAS PICKED UP SOMETHING STRANGE BEHIND THOSE ROCKS.
GREAT! TIME FOR SOME BUBBLE-BUSTING!
BLEEP!
BLIP!
BLIP
ARE WE READY TO MAKE A SPLASH?
LET'S GO!
AWW. I DON'T FEEL TOO GOOD!
EH?!
SIT DOWN WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU
WOW A REAL MERMAID
ACTUALLY, SHE'S A PARANORMAL PHENOMENON WHO HAS BEEN DESTROYING OUR WATER SUPPLY
BLIP
BLIP


WE HAVE PUT A CURSE ON THE WATER TO PUNISH YOUR PEOPLE
WHY?
BECAUSE YOU ARE DESTROYING OUR WORLD BY POLLUTING THE SEA WITH YOUR RUBBISH!
WE WILL LIFT THE CURSE ON ONE CONDITION ONLY.
ANYTHING YOU SAY!
TELL YOUR PEOPLE TO LEAVE THE SEA ALONE AND KEEP IT CLEAN IT WILL THEN SERVE ALL OF US
FOR ONCE I AGREE WITH THE PARA-NORMAL SIDE!
DO YOU THINK THEY'LL KEEP THEIR SIDE OF THE BARGAIN?
YES, IF WE CAN PERSUADE THE PEOPLE TO KEEP OURS
DAYS LATER
..SO YOU SEE WHY WE MUST BE SO VERY CAREFUL IN THE FUTURE
EEEEEK!
UMM. THIS SLIMY LATHER LOOKS FAMILIAR. I THINK I KNOW WHAT CAUSED THIS SLIMER!
BLIP BLIP

GHOST WRITING!



Howdy, siblings. Thanks for all your letters. They've been arriving by the truck-load, but I'm answering as many as I can! Well, you try fitting a truck-load of letters onto one page a week!

Dear Peter . . .

I enjoy reading the Real Ghostbusters very much. Why does Egon wear glasses? Is it because he is long-sighted or short-sighted? How old was he when he first started wearing them?
Alex Hack, Sudbury

Thanks for your letter, Alex. Well, it has to be said, Egon is at times long-winded and short-tempered! We have a sneaking suspicion that Egon only wears his glasses in order to make himself look intellectual and therefore, I presume he has been wearing them since he began working on extending his vocabulary to the size of a big dictionary at least.

Please can you tell me:
1. Why did you get thrown out of college?
2. Before you were in business, why did nobody complain about ghosts?
David Potts, Manchester

Thrown out of college? Please, couldn't you have put it a bit more politely than that? We were 'asked to leave' because the Board of Regents at the university felt that our theories were 'tripe', our methods were 'sloppy and questionble' and we were generally poor scientists. This wasn't true, really. I think it was more to do with the fact that they weren't broad-minded enough to have such exceptional minds working in their place of so-called learning. Ha!

How does Slimer stay up in the air without falling down?
Julian Field, Birmingham

Being a glowing globule of ectoplasm, Slimer doesn't have to rely on solid things like legs to stand on. Ectoplasm doesn't weigh anything. This is why Slimer is also able to travel through walls and do other groovy tricks like that!

1. How heavy are the Proton Packs?
2. Who made the Proton Packs?
3. Do you get tired with all the running you do?
Nicholas Hodgetts, Wolverhampton

1. Heavy enough. 2. Ray. 3. In a word, yes! But we can handle it!

Can you please ask Slimer what his last name is and what his mum and dad looked like?
Adam, Leeds

Slimer hasn't actually got a last name. Slimer. That's it. This is mainly because we named him Slimer for obvious reasons. He did have a surname when he was alive, though, which was Remils. As to his parents, one can only guess. I did ask him about their appearance, but he just went all dewy-eyed on me and said something like, "Mumsy-wumsy, daddy-waddy. Kersplunk!" Sometimes you could get more sense out of a house brick.

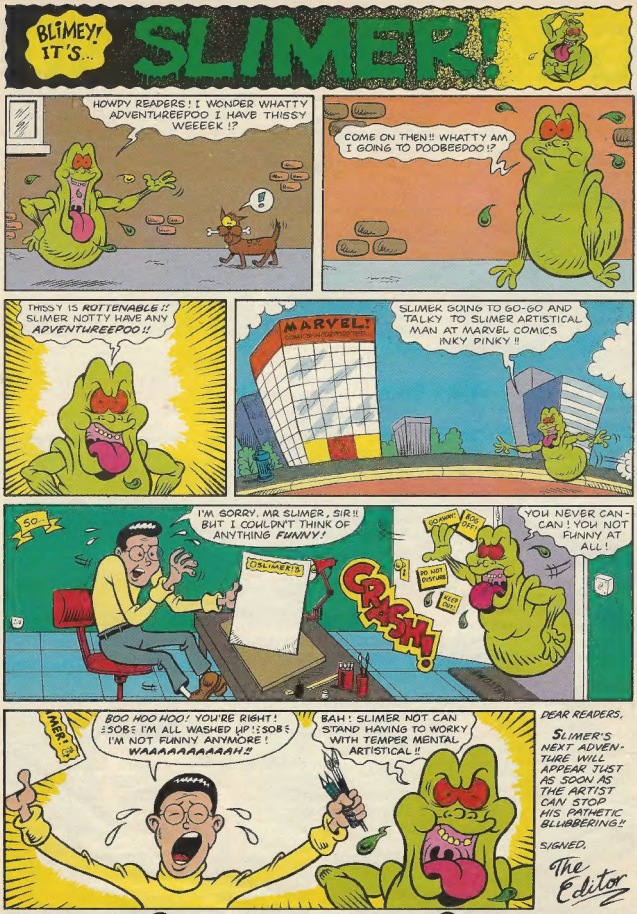
How do you know that people aren't lying to you when you go on a bust? Do you ask for any proof?
Alex Martin, Lichfield

Well, so far we haven't had any hassle of this kind. I don't think anyone would be stupid enough to mess with us in this way.

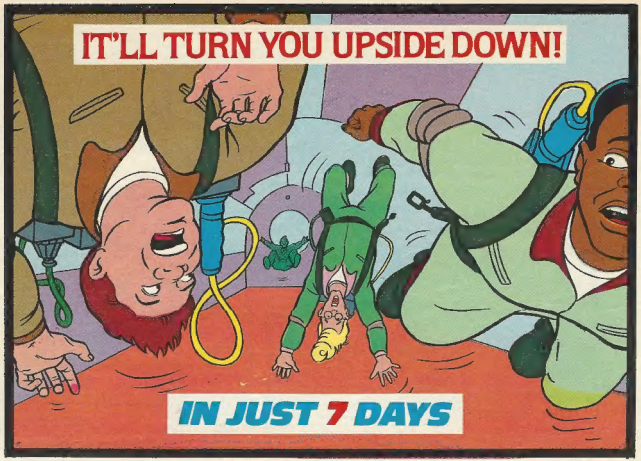
Who washes your socks? My mum washes mine. Has Slimer got a girlfriend?
Laura Flanagan, Coventry

We all wash our own socks. I think that is only fair! Slimer hasn't got a girlfriend, to our knowledge. He might slip out to meet a female Slimer without us knowing, however. We did attempt to find him a female companion a short while ago, because we thought he might be lonely, but they didn't seem to get on that well!

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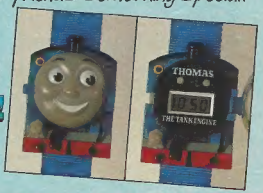
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